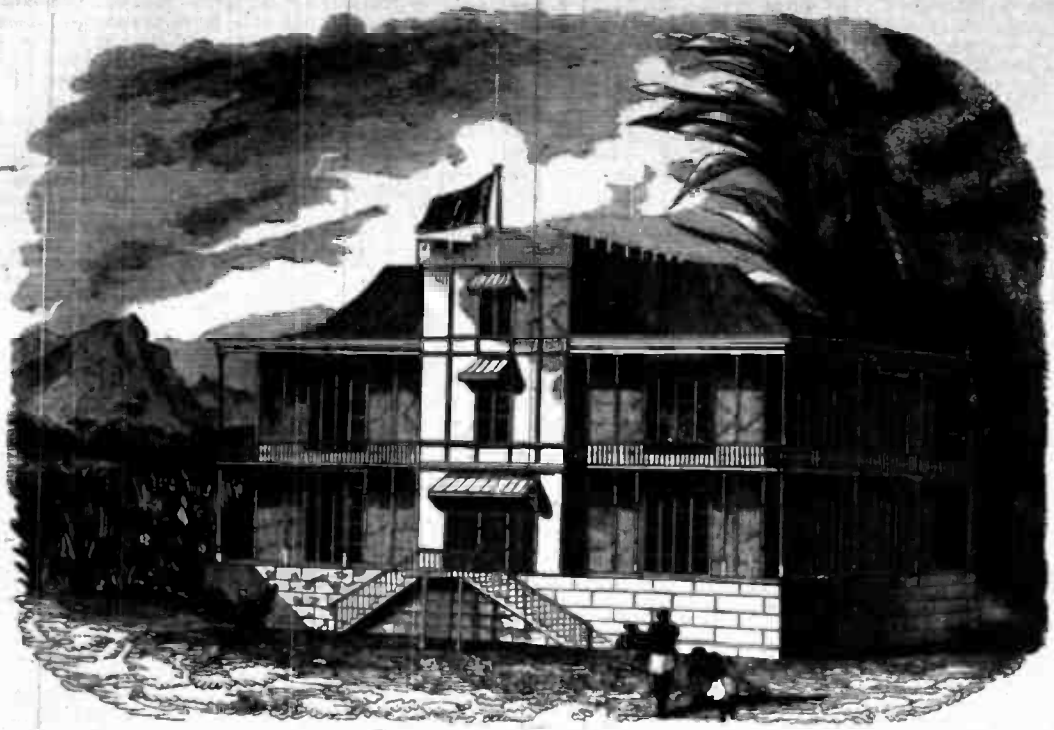
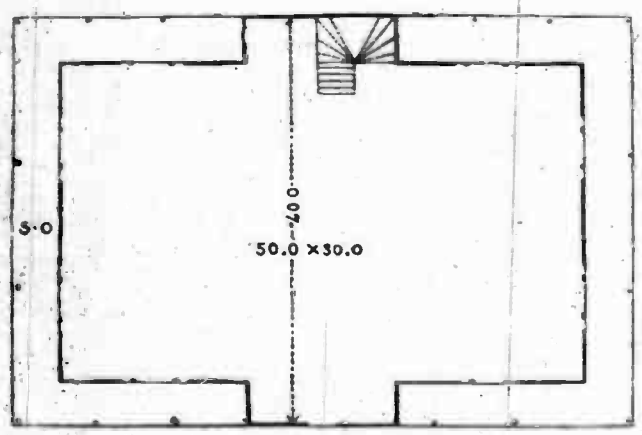
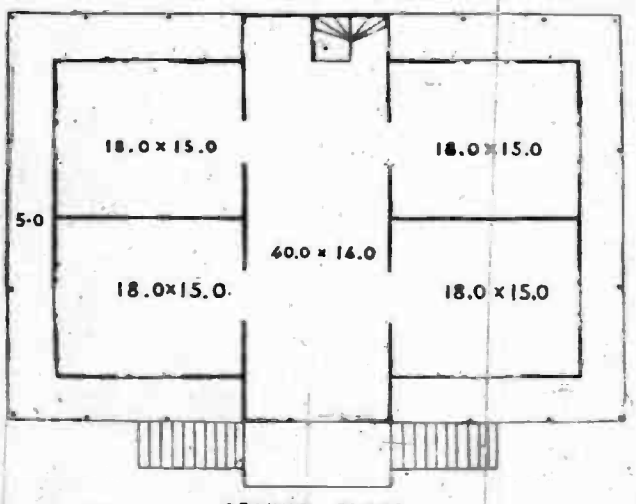


THE IRON PALACE OF KING EYAMBO.



UPPER FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR

It gives us great pleasure to have the first privilege of presenting to our readers the view and plans of the much-talked-of iron palace for the African king. Of its style, as of the style of many things that pass before us, we must be tender in our remarks; things of much more pretension, however, are less to our taste than this, and are infinitely more obnoxious to the canons of sound criticism. Style comes first in most cases instead of last; it is regarded as the procreative instead of the emanative principle. Construction in its modes and material, climate, requirements, are the first consideration, and of these style is born, and by them fed and nourished; but, now-a-days, the first question is, what style shall we build in? and any answer is tolerable but—the rational style.

IRON HOUSES.

REBUILDING OF POINTE-A-PITRE.

On Thursday, Mr. Laycock, iron merchant of this town, opened to public inspection the curious palace of iron and wood which he has built for King Eyambo, one of the African princes on the Calabar river, with whom our Liverpool captains trade for palm oil and other produce of the African coast. The history of the building of this structure is as follows:—Some time ago, a handsome house of wood was sent out from this port, for the use of a rival prince on the same coast, which, when erected, became, like the British constitution, the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the (African) world. On this, King Eyambo determined to be *nulli secundus* in the accommodation of his royal self and his three hundred and twenty wives (for his majesty equals King Solomon himself, both in his zeal for building and in his love of the *fair* sex), and resolved to have a palace built, superior not only to the wooden house, but to any thing ever seen on the coast of Africa. With this design, his majesty gave the order for the house just completed by Mr. Laycock, which is a great curiosity, even in England, and which will certainly cause his majesty to be the best lodged prince on the Guinea coast, when it arrives at its destination. Unfortunately the exchequer of King Eyambo, like that of a few other princes who might be named, was not quite equal to the splendour of his designs; and there being no African Rothschild to enable him to build his palace at the expense of posterity, he was compelled to fix limits to the cost of the palace, which have rendered it impossible to construct it altogether of iron. A considerable quantity of wood has, in consequence, been introduced into the building. This is to be regretted, as it exposes his majesty to the danger of being burnt out of house and home by a chance spark, and to the certainty of being eaten out of it by the wood lice and white ants, which swarm in his dominions as in all other tropical climates. For a moderate additional outlay, the king might have had a palace which would for ages have defied earthquake and fire, and in which neither ants, centipedes, scorpions, nor any other of the smaller plagues of Egypt would have ventured to intrude on the private hours of his majesty or his interesting family. We hope that the next prince who sends Mr. Laycock an order will prove a sufficiently liberal paymaster to justify him in constructing a building entirely of iron, for this mixture of wood and iron will, we fear, cause the iron to be of much less use than it otherwise would be.

We happened to visit Mr. Laycock's palace

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